

None of Your Beeswax by Dariary_Absentee

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Allergic reaction, Fluff, Humor, M/M, bee stings, poor medical accuracy, slight blood

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-09

Updated: 2018-05-09

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:47:59

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 892

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve heard more than felt someone sit down next to him. They were wheezing loudly, he shuffled in his seat at Hawkins General Care and...

Fuck.

The fact that he knows what Billy smells like without even looking up is annoying. Steve turned to confirm that the person next to him was actually Billy and stopped.

“Jesus H. Christ!”

None of Your Beeswax

Author's Note:

I don't know what this is but for some odd reason, it's here so...

Steve read the recent news, *Pirates of Penzance* will be leaving Broadway on a short tour, and undoubtedly his mother will want to go see it. He tried not to move his steadily bleeding arm or leave blood all over the plastic armchair he was sitting in, but he'd need another gauze soon.

He knew how to mind his own business, it one of the few things his parents taught him how to do themselves. He didn't look at the woman hacking up a lung across from him or little boy that wouldn't stop scratching himself under his pajamas, looked like chicken pox.

Steve minded his own business and tried not to stare because his parents taught him too. He was also in no position to judge when he was the one bleeding out of his bicep.

Fucking demdogs.

So when someone sat down next to him wheezing loudly, he shuffled in his seat at Hawkins General Care and...

Fuck.

The fact that he knows what Billy smells like without even looking up is annoying. He and Billy weren't friends, they were barely even acquaintances. He's just less of a dick now than he used to be, like the transition from 1984 to 1985 had some sort of effect on his personality. Max doesn't complain about him as much, he doesn't bother him at school as much either—sometimes they even talk to each other. Steve turned to confirm that the person next to him was actually Billy and stopped.

“Jesus H. Christ!”

Half the waiting room turned to look at them, the other half minded

their own business. Steve wished he'd minded his own business and not looked at him. It was Billy alright, or half of him was Billy, the other half was swallowed up by swollen red skin and an ugly rash. The other half was only technically Billy because you couldn't have half of a Billy.

"Harrington," Billy said in a garbled voice, half his lip was swollen. He turned to look at him. Steve really wished he hadn't, Billy looked like a creature out of a horror movie. He was hard to look at, honestly.

"Jesus," Steve said, horrified. His eyes darted from welt to rash to swelling. The normal half of his face looked exhausted...maybe even embarrassed. His face seemed to turn a little red under the blotches, definitely embarrassed. "Sorry I didn't mean to...you're...what happened to you...exactly?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Billy tried for threatening. Steve thought he just seemed sulky and deflated more than anything else.

Billy's one eye that wasn't swollen shut fell to the gauze he had pressed against his bicep. "Run into something nasty?" He asked. Sometimes Steve almost thought he knew about demodogs the way mauled animals in the woods and Steve's penchant for carrying his bat in his car seemed almost too normal to him. Sometimes Steve thought he'd seen something or maybe Max told him.

"Cut myself hopping a fence," Steve said. Which is true, he shredded his arm on a fence *running from a demodog*.

Billy nodded his understanding.

"You?" Steve asked cautiously. He'd already told him 'no' once, he doubted Billy was up for yelling in his face—he didn't want to see him try though.

He sighed. Well, he half sighed and half wheezed. "Bee sting," Billy finally answered, looking pouty and angry about it. His one eye not meeting either of Steve's. "Several bee stings and a bad allergic reaction."

“Allergic reaction?” Steve repeated, a little surprised. “Billy Hargrove has weaknesses?”

Billy glared at him half heartedly.

“How’d you manage to get stung...”

“Three.”

“Three times?” Steve finished. “Three stings did *this*? What the hell were you doing?”

Billy tried to scoff. “It’s called when your dad tells you to take care of the bees nest outside the garage.”

Steve’s eyebrows pulled together, he shifted and fretted with the gauze on his arm. He should get a new wad soon. “If you’re allergic to bee stings why’d he make you do it? Why not hire someone who’s not going to...” *swell up like a fucking balloon*. “Have a reaction.”

“I dunno,” he shrugged. “Cheaper I guess.” Except for the bill probably won’t be and he’ll have to pay it anyway because he was the one that wasn’t careful.

“Harrington, Steven!” A tired looking woman with an egg-like head and several chins called out.

Steve looked up and nodded. “I gotta go,” and he sounded surprisingly forlorn saying it. It even surprised him. “Hope you feel better soon,” Steve said even when he and Billy weren’t that close at all.

“Yeah, Harrington, hope you don’t end up with tetanus,” Billy grumbled. As close to ‘I hope you feel better’ as he’ll get. Still, Billy wished him well which must really mean something.

Steve smiled softly, he felt warm all over. “Thanks,” he said and disappeared around the corner with Nurse Egg-head.

Billy twisted his ring between his index and thumb, he thought it’d be smart to take it off just in case his hand swelled up too. So far it hadn’t, but he’s learned his lesson with bee stings and jewelry. He

twisted the ring around again. Harrington smiled at him and told him 'hope you feel better soon.' Billy smiled into his lap, he felt a little better already.